

The Coconino Sun.

VOL. XV.

FLAGSTAFF, ^{July} AUGUST 30, 1898.

No. 27

THE MAINE.

Brave hearts still'd on the Maine, a last good-
good-night!

Good-night to gallant fellowship and stanch;
Lives not less honor'd if not lost in flight!

Tho' upon unknown waters ye must launch
Your boats with our rich cargo of regret.

None who our country love can bid good-by
To your remembrance, nor can e'er forget

What sacrifice ye made for her. We die
In age 'mid aliens, but in youth 'mid friends

Whose impulses are ours, to whom alike
The bright meridian of manhood lends

Its glory. Tho' your knell untimely strikes,
No silent sitting of the hurried years

May hide your worth, nor choke the source of
tears!

Grisswald Dichter in North China Herald.

To SPAIN A LAST WORD.

I.

Iberian! palter no more! By thine hands,
thine alone, they were slain!

Oh, 'twas a deed in the dark—

Yet mark!

We will show you a way—only one—by
which ye may blot out the stain!

II.

Build them a monument, whom to death
sleep, in their sleep, ye betrayed!

Proud and stern let it be

Cuba free!

So, only, the stain shall be razed—so, only,
the great debt be paid!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE AWAKENING.

Before the nation's gate stood Peace. The
fire

Of outraged Justice blazed through all the land.
Silent the Goddess. Solemnly her hand

Was raised aloft to curb the quickening fire
Of those her chosen people. Hope, desire—

Aye, prayer, itself—were still for peace. "Com-
mand."

Aloft they cried, "but while we waiting stand,
Look thou lest Honor in thine arms expire."

And he who ruled the nation's destiny

Took not his gaze from off the face benign.

Yet held in leash the gathering dogs of war.

But hark! Wave-borne comes Mercy's smothered cry.

And lo! Where stood but now that form di-
vine.

Armored and grim, stalks Mars. The dream is
o'er.

—Paschal H. Coggins.

TOLABLE WELL.

She's totable well—the country.

Spite of the war-time yell:

East an' West she's lookin' her best.

Tolable, totable well!

Tolable, totable well.

Spite of the war-time yell:

She kivers the groun'

Per miles aroun'

She's totable, totable well!

She's totable well—the country.

And the voice of the Liberty bell.

Is echoln' roan' with the old-time song.

Tolable, totable well!

Tolable, totable well.

Spite o' the shot an' the shell!

She kivers the groun'

Per miles aroun'

She's totable, totable well!

Atlanta Constitution.

UNCLE SAM'S TOUR.

I'll just go down to Phillip land

To see what we can do;

Old Montojo has drawn a hand

Dewey, it's up to you.

The Spanish fleet has crossed the sea.

A Cuban port in view:

To have it bottled pleases me—

Hobson, it's up to you.

The Dons are hiding in the brush.

Rough riders must get through:

'Tis time to make a forward rush—

Teddy, it's up to you.

Bring Wheeler, Lawton left and right.

Wig-wag to old Vesu;

We'll show them how the Yankees fight—

Shafter, it's up to you.

Some boats are plowing thro' the storm;

Give chase—cut them in two:

Cervera's not Cervera warm—

Sampson, it's up to you.

I think the foe is out of chips.

No white, no red, no blue;

Now smite old Spain upon the hips

Watson, it's up to you.